

# NORTHEAN JUNKET



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# INDEX

Article	page
Take It Or Leave It - - -	1
Fiddle Traders - - -	2
Fiddle Music In Vermont - - -	6
You Don't Have To Be A Scot - - -	14
Kentucky Fiddle Faddle - - -	17
Spring Dance Floors - - -	23
Square Dance - Stepney Chain - - -	28
Contra Dance - Mac's Favorite - - -	29
Folk Dance - Tango Poquito - - -	30
Folk Song - Wrangle-Taggle Gypsies - - -	31
Fiddle Contests - - -	33
Record Reviews - - -	34
Old Time Dancing Masters - - -	35
Book Reviews - - -	39
Legends & Superstitions of the sea and Sailors - Stories of the months and Days - In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers - Epitaphs - Folklore of the Jews	
News - - -	42
Painless Folklore - - -	44
Tongue Twisters - Remember When? New England Weather Lore -	
Good Food - - -	46
Halibut a la Orly - Scallops a la Poulette - Pineapple Chutney - Fiddle- head Fern Fronds - Irish Brown Bread.	

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TAKE IT OR  
LEAVE IT

With the 200th anniversary of our Independence just over the horizon, square dancing has a golden opportunity to advertise itself. It won't happen again for another 100 years so let us firmly resolve to make the best possible use of it.

The bigger square dance clubs could go all out and have an evening performance of "A Panorama of Square Dancing." Give it a fancy name like "Cotillion of the Century". Turn the ladies loose in making costumes to fit the dance. Contras, quadrilles, lancers, round dances, traditional squares; you name it, and we have it, or have had it, all over the United States. It simply takes a bit of work at your state historical society to find them. And the correct music is available too if one cares to look for it.

Yes, the next two years could see a tremendous surge of interest in all forms of the dance. Are you willing to do your share?

If you do celebrate the occasion won't you try to get it all recorded on tape? Somebody, somewhere, sometime, will rise up and yell "Hosannah!" and bless your name and club. You see, it is exactly the sort of thing that next century's historians and folklorists will be looking for. Remember, what you throw away today will be valuable tomorrow.

Sincerely

Ralph



## FIDDLE TRADERS

For many years fiddle trading was a frequent pastime of several of us in southwestern New Hampshire, but with Leon S. Hill of Hillsborough and Dr. Forrest Barrett of Peterborough, it was an obsession. A retired Veterinarian, Dr. Barrett said "I used to trade hosses; now I trade violins." Being a good country fiddler who also played a few more serious violin pieces, he could draw a bow caressingly on his own fiddles, and get a gosh-awful screech out of the other fellow's. His trad-partner, Mr. Hill, was a thorough gentleman and a superior musician; having been brought up to play the flute as a boy in Maine, he later added clarinet and violin. Two of his noteworthy sayings were "I should rather have a violin evenly bad than unevenly good," and "When selecting a violin, play it yourself, hear someone else play it, and play it in company with other instruments." He was a railroad man, station agent and later freight agent at Hillsboro for many years, but as his wife was largely confined to the house, he was nearly always at home with her when not on his job.

Through teaching his three instruments, and playing with many friends who came to his house, he had shaped a unique and rich life. But trading was his most intense interest; it involved value and the chance of bettering himself, which always appeals to a Yankee. Over many years, Mr. Hill and Dr. Barrett got together almost every week.



They would fiddle a few tunes, mostly to try out fiddles they were willing to trade. Both of them owned good violins they would sell only for cash, but owned a dozen or more, some of cheap commercial make, that were trading stock. We knew a lot of them by name, identified by the country fiddlers who had played them, by the place they came from, or by some quirk that marked them. There was the "light Keene"; the "dark Keene"; the "Blind Rice" (owned and played by a famous fiddler of early Bradford); the "Joe Bumblebee" (once owned by a French woodchopper so nicknamed); the "Bertha Mason"; the "Giff Steele"; "Bart Steele's Boston"; the "Rumrill Maggini" (Dr. Barrett always said 'Majihner'); the "Arey" (Isaiah F. Arey of Boscawen, a native maker of real mer it); the "Emery" (Dr. B. held long monologues about who had or had not owned the REAL Emery violin). There was even "the fiddle the ham fell on" (some early owner had brought it home after fiddling for a dance and left it on the kitchen table directly under a ham that hung from a beam overhead. During the night the string broke, and the ham fell and bashed in the top of the fiddle. Cleverly repaired, it bore that name forevermore).



The "Joe Bumblebee" was a pretty good fiddle. I traded with Mr. Hill for it. Don't recall how the transaction went, but since it was palpably a better fiddle than the one I was trading, there can be little doubt that I had to give a little "boot". My Uncle Wallace Dunn, was a good trader in those days and he told me over and over again "Never trade even 'n never five boot". But there are extenuating circumstances. I kept

"Joe Bumblebee" for some time. It had a very dark, almost black finish, with good carrying qualities that are needed for a dance fiddle. I sold it to Gene Gober, who played in my orchestra. He took it with him when he went into the Army and has told me about playing it in scores of USO's all over the country.



One of the most frequently traded was the "Fancy Scroll" which had machine carving on the cheeks of the peg box and was shaded in color from a pumpkin orange to a summer squash yellow, so sickening to look at that ~~fived times a day~~ ~~for Bill and his friends~~ ~~Beer and his friends~~ ~~times and Howard Chase three times~~. Finally Chase removed the garish colors and did it over in a sober brown then Barrett got it back and traded it out of the ring for keeps. I wonder who owns it now?

We used to say that Dr. Barrett had three remedies for fiddles: red ink, shoe blacking, and horse liniment. He also had a compulsion to round off the corners of the bridge of every fiddle that passed through his hands. Mr. Hill could do skillful fitting-up and a few light repairs. It always amused Chase, who had put on a coat of varnish while clad in anything from pajamas to Sunday best, to hear him tell about varnishing a violin; he was very fastidious, and put on overalls for such a momentous operation. Chase, being a maker, could al the inside repairs which is why we liked to trade with him.

I got these men acquainted with Frank and Bart Steele of Roxbury. Frank told me of the first time he traded with Dr. Barrett: "I didn't think the fiddle I got was any better than the one he traded, but the old feller didn't look as though he had much, so I gave him a couple of dollars to boot." "Always be very considerate of Dr. Barrett on that point," I told him. "He's

only worth about a hundred grand." Frank's eyes opened wide, but he said nothing until years later, when he told me "Ever since you told me about Dr. B's boodle, I have never traded without getting a few dollars to boot out of him."

When Leon Hill tried out a violin his face would twitch most expressively, a sort of barometer of his reactions which he was probably unaware of; you could size up his degree of approval by the percentage of beaming or wincing. I used to see him quite often, and he would say "Dr. Barrett was over yesterday and I swapped the "Fancy Scroll" and the "Joe Bumblebee" for the "dark Keene, or some such remark. I was present more than once when they traded, and how fine they would cut it! Hill would complain "Dr. Barrett can say the meanest things about my violins." Barrett would counter-- "Yes, Leon, and as soon as you get hold of one it's always a fine violin."

Once Hill had a very high-arched fiddle with some cheap mother-of-pearl inlay in the back. We twitted him about it without mercy, how he had better pry out that oyster shell and feed it to the hens, and so on. After drawing the bow over it in a most slurring manner, Barrett said from under his walrus mustache "Well, Leon, I'll trade for your old lobster pot if you'll let me keep my own G string." So that is just what they did--traded fiddles, but removed and kept their own G strings.

Fred Warren of Greenfield, a country fiddler who had originally bought the "Fancy Scroll" from a mail order house, summed up the attitude of all of us about Dr. Barret when he said "He beats me like the devil, but I like him."





# FIDDLE MUSIC IN VERMONT

by LARRY BENNETT



The Eleventh Annual Old Time Fiddlers Contest in Craftsbury Common, Vermont, will be held on Saturday, July 28. You'd better get there by noon because the action gets under way about then, and competition will probably keep going until 10 or 11 p.m. Admission will be \$2 a person, with young children admitted free. Food will be on sale, but remember that the organizers ran out last year, so it might be well if you brought along a picnic basket filled with sandwiches, just in case.

Last year more than 8,000 people came to the contest in this Vermont village about 30 miles north of Barre. It was like Woodstock was supposed to be, only for everybody, not just one age group or one lifestyle. Even the hit of the show was intergenerational, with something like 40 years separating the performer and the audience.

It happened about 11 o'clock after some of the older folks had gone home. Those remaining were largely people under 30, huddled together amid the remains of picnic lunches. The air was fragrant, and the sky velvety blue and full of stars.

Then, everyone went wild over Hazel Henderson. They all stamped and clapped and danced. Hazel beamed, tossed her head and played on, but the clamor grew so loud that Ken Dahlberg, the emcee, had to stop the show.

"Come on, folks," he said. "The judges can't hear Hazel, and that's pretty unfair, don't you think? Why



don't we all simmer down and give her a chance?"

The three or four thousand remaining spectators roared agreement, and then grew quiet, listening to the 73-year-old grandmother do her stuff.

"I suppose if we don't do anything else we've really accomplished something when all those young people get so excited over an old lady like Hazel," the Rev. Arnold Brown, one of the contest's founders, said recently. "It's not very often when the young and the old appreciate each other like they did there." Hazel, while she charmed the audience by giving square dance calls as she played, received only an honorable mention in the senior division. "It's real hard to call when you're playing," a judge said, "but there were just better fiddlers than Hazel was."



Craftsbury is a small town of some 600 people in northern Vermont, but between 8,000 and 10,000 showed up last July 29 to hear the 81 contestants, ranging in age from 9 to the upper 70's. That's about twice as many people as the year before, and thousands of per cent more than when the contest started in 1963. That year there were eight contestants who fiddled away in the gym at the local public school.

Craftsbury Common, one of three villages making up the township of 36 square miles, lies on the top of a hill. From the common, which consists of about two acres of grass surrounded by neat white-painted wooden houses, you can glimpse the Green Mountains to the west and rolling hills in the other directions. It is green, beautiful country in the summer, but hard land to farm; some fields are still full of rocks after nearly 200 years of cultivation. The United Church, Reverend

Brown's church, sits on the west side of the common; the public school sits on the other. Down the road is a private school, established about 15 years ago, Aside from that, the village looks much the same as it did 20 or 30 years ago: no gas stations, no hamburger stands, no trailers, no tourists cabins. The day of the Fiddlers contest, visitors had to hike down the road a mile or so to Craftsbury proper to buy beer.

Fiddling was on its way out in Craftsbury township when the first fiddling contest was held. "I hadn't touched a fiddle for 10 years before then," says R.J. (Bob) Moffatt, who judged in the first few contests and then began competing himself. "I'd always liked the sound of a fiddle, but I didn't hear much of it when I was a kid because we lived on a farm back aways and there wasn't anybody around who played. But then when I earned a bit of money, I sent away for one, which cost me \$7.50, and started to teach myself to play. Even sent away for some correspondence lessons and learned to play by notes because there wasn't anybody around here who could help me out."

Now 77 and semiretired from farming, wood-cutting and working in the marble sheds, Moffatt says that when he was 16 or so he started playing for dances and the like. "I did quite a bit of fiddling back in the Depression too." he says; "when folks would have kitchen junkets. They'd all get together some place and there'd be music from a fiddle and one of those old-fashioned chord organs and everybody'd dance. Didn't cost a thing except for refreshments, and people would chip in on that."



When times got better and people had other things to do, the community dances and parties weren't held so often. "Then I hurt my right index finger unloading some machinery and for a while I couldn't fiddle. And after it got better I didn't like the sound I made, so

I put up my fiddle and said I'd never touch it again."

When Reverend Brown arrived in Craftsbury Common 12 years ago, Pete Wells, then 89, was one of the last fiddlers around. When he and the minister started talking about fiddling and old times, Wells remembered several men who used to play. "We went around to talk to them and ended up with eight who still played and who wouldn't mind competing in a contest," says Reverend Brown.

After the first competition a professor at Goddard College, in Plainfield, Vt., got in touch with Brown and the others about encouraging fiddle-playing. An outgrowth of that was the Northeast Old Time Fiddler Association, which now has regular sessions all over New England and holds an annual contest of its own that attracts the best fiddlers around. But Craftsbury Common's contest is one of the few held outdoors, and may be the oldest.

The Horse and Buggy Club, attached to Reverend Brown's church, was the organizer of the contest from the beginning. The money made from \$2 admissions fees and from the suppers the club sells goes to a number of causes, among them a fund to help people in the town who have been burned out, or for special projects like \$600 worth of corrective equipment for elderly patients at a local hospital.

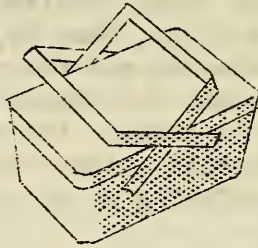
The club's current president is Jeanette Anderson, a little redhead in her forties, who can run a dairy farm as well as a man and did so after her first husband died. She and the other women made 300 pies before last year's event and had 3,000 pounds of chicken ready to cook. That wasn't enough, though; everything was sold by 4:30 p.m.



"The volunteer firemen always have a booth, too, where they sell hamburgers," says Mrs. Anderson. "Last year they ended up going all over trying to find hambur



ger meat on Saturday afternoon because so many more people came than we expected." But lots of folks brought their own food, and shared it with others.



People came from hundreds of miles. The hay-field-cum-parking lot was full of cars from Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts and Quebec, as well as far-off places like Illinois and California.

The young people were by no means the liveliest spectators. Early in the afternoon two women in their fifties, one wearing pedal pushers and a sleeveless blouse, the other a wash dress, step-danced to the tunes for more than an hour. Their neighbors on the lawn watched and kept time. Then as the crowd warmed up with the music, the sun, and whatever, the younger folks tried dancing too - will jigs, reels and impressionistic square dances. By suppertime one corner of the common had been ground to mud by the dancers whirling around and around in a kind of Vermont-style free-form round dance.

Kids and dogs wandered about. And every half-hour somebody got lost, and Dahlberg, the emcee, had to interrupt the contest to say that Margie or David or Fred was looking for Momma or Papa. Dahlberg also announced hundreds of messages like "Jay and Sue meet Ivan at the car," and kept up a running commentary with the folks in the front rows.

It took nearly twelve hours to hear all 81 contestants (who were competing for more than \$500 in prize money), pick the finalists and then give them a final hearing. But there aren't many people who would like to see fewer performers or restrictions on entrants.



"It's a good thing to watch all those young folks trying," Moffatt says. "It would be bad not to encourage them." And some of the young folks are spectacularly good. Scott Campbell, a 13-year-old from Barre, Vt. won both the junior division first prize and a special fourth place in the open division. "Now, Scotty's a natural," Moffatt says. "I could never play as good as him" Campbell comes from a fiddling family; his father Ken won the first prize in the open division.

The fiddlers take their craft seriously, by and large. Lawrence Griggs, who lives down in the valley, placed fifth in the fiddle contest although his real love is the banjo; he placed second in a banjo contest last fall when only two weeks out of a hospital after a logging accident in which a tree smashed his face and permanently injured his left arm.



The fiddlers in the Craftsbury Common contest played everything from traditional tunes to some they made up themselves, like Moffatt's Woodcutter's Reel. Most looked like they grew up in the country, but there were also fashionably long-haired and bearded young men, some of whom played very well. Hazel Henderson wasn't the only woman either. Two young sisters from Connecticut fiddled away wearing mini-skirts, while a grandmotherly type played her fiddle wearing a shocking pink suit and hat.

One young fiddler and his accompanists even tried a little acid-rock fiddling. They played an original composition whose words the audience never heard because the people in charge of the contest turned off the microphone after the first, pretty crude verse. In

another crowd that could have started trouble, but after some grumbling it was on to the next contestant.

Overall, though, very few nasty words were heard. The hip and the straight, the young and the old, sat side by side and enjoyed. "I didn't get scared until the very end," Mrs. Anderson says now. "That's when it hit me: There were all those people and I didn't know what we'd do if anything happened." The organizers had hired patrolmen to handle crowd control and direct traffic. "It would have only taken a couple of fights and we'd have had some real problems," Reverend Brown Says.

But nothing happened. Why?

"They were all pretty nice folks," Mrs. Anderson says.

And what about the huge attendance? Reverend Brown ascribes it at least in part to the weather. "It was such a nice day that people wanted to get outside; always before we've had rain," he said.



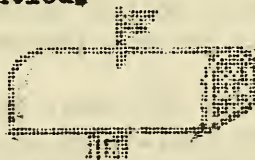
To an outside observer, it looks like more than that. Sure, it was a glorious day in the middle of a rotten, wet summer. But to turn out more than 8,000 people in a thinly settled state like Vermont a good many of them had to start out before they could tell how great the weather was going to be. Which means they were lured by something else.

For country folk and city people who grew up in the country, maybe it was memories of a grandfather who

fiddled, or the sound of music after the kids were supposed to be asleep. For those born and bred in the city however, fiddling may be an art that conveys the image of a simpler and perhaps better way of life. One could argue that the growth of interest in fiddling and the rising attendance at Craftsbury's contest are directly related to the swelling "back-to-the-land" movement. Fiddling is something to enjoy for what it represents, even if the fine points of it may not be appreciated and the difficulty and loneliness of the life that produced it may not be readily understood.

Moreover, fiddling still belongs to the people who fiddle - the way folk music belonged to the people who played and sang before the folk music boom of the nineteen-fifties. The outsiders who come to hear and enjoy are just that - visitors on somebody's else's turf. At Craftsbury Common last summer they knew that, and more or less respected the tradition, while the country people by and large were pleased at the visitor's admiration.

Not that there weren't complaints from some of the townspeople about the number of cars overflowing the parking field and about the people going to the bathroom in the woods. "And there are some people who've complained every year because they don't see why we should use the common," Mrs. Anderson says. But by 10 o'clock Sunday morning all the trash was picked up and nothing was left but memories, and the platform which had yet to be dismantled.



Socrates was a Greek philosopher who went around giving good advice. They poisoned him.  
 Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong. It just keeps you from enjoying it.  
 If at first you don't succeed, you're like most of the rest of us.



# YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SCOT



by LAURA WHITE

Twenty-three pipers and drummers strut smartly, their Royal Stewart kilts and plaids flapping briskly to the wailing of the pipes.

Buckingham Palace? No, the South Congregational Church in Lawrence, Massachusetts. It's Monday evening and the Clan MacPherson Bagpipe Band is gathered in the basement of the church to practice the 35 tunes that make up its repertoire.

Clan MacPherson has been playing the pipes and drums for 52 years. It was organized by Scots, who wanted to retain a wee bit of the old country in lives so drastically altered by their emigration to work in the mills around Lawrence and Lowell.

Fathers taught sons how to play the instruments, while daughters learned how to dance to the Highland melodies. The practicing, performing, socializing and recollections of home helped soften the realities of working in the mills for the immigrants.

Most of the mills are gone. But the descendants of the original workers still live in the area and many of them have taken to the pipes. But instead of mill workers, the band members now include teachers, a postal worker, a chemist, an engineer, a construction supervisor, an optometrist and a machinist.

Morris Campbell, a chemist and group leader at U.S.



Quartermaster in Natick, started playing the bagpipes when he was 12. His father, George, was one of the founders of the band and brought young Morris along to play with the adults. That was 42 years ago. Now Morris' son Bruce, 18, is a piper and his daughter, Alyson, dances with the band.

"We have five father-and-son combinations playing in the band now," says Campbell, who teaches the bagpipe.

And while Scots started Clan MacPherson Band, today there are Yankees, Frenchmen and Irishmen playing with the native-born and second and third generation Scots. In fact, the drum major is an ebullient Irishman who says: "I'm Ed Morrissey. Sometimes I call myself O'Morrissey, just to razz some of these guys a little." This jovial, 6-foot 4-inch look-alike for actor Forrest Tucker wears a scarlet tunic, a red plaid kilt and carries a silver knobbed staff or mace.

What's an Irishman doing in a Scottish band? "Leading 'em, naturally. I'm the drum major. When I raise the mace and call out the command, they play. When I drop the mace, they'd better stop," replies Morrissey, a postal supervisor, who was elected drum major by the members.



The band is a democratic group. Members are voted in or out and hold office for one year. There are no professional musicians among them; the band is strictly a hobby. The Clan MacPherson band plays 35 performances annually - parades, weddings, deb and birthday parties, dances - for various church groups and organizations. Last year it performed at a North Shore synagogue.

Performance fees go into the band's fund for equipment and clothes. Everything except the individual pipes belongs to the band and outfitting one man costs about \$2000. The band also plays benefits for the aged or hospitalized, but it will not accept a booking in which wives of members are not allowed to attend.

"The band's a family organization. It's all part of the tradition. Practices and performances would mean too much time away from home if we couldn't include our families," explains Campbell.

What induces grown, virile men to dress up in plaid, pleated skirts, knee socks, bright jackets and feathered hats, with pocketbooks dangling from their waists?

"The pipes. Once you hear them, it gets into your blood," says Armand Ouellette, an Andover engineer. "It has nothing to do with being Scottish. I'm French. The first time I heard the pipes was in Scotland where I was stationed with the Navy. When I was discharged, I stepped in at the Andover Police Station and asked about the band. I knew there was one in the area. They put me in touch with Bruce Douglass, the pipe major, and I started taking lessons."

Ouellette studied, made all the practice sessions and after two years was voted into the band.

So, while the "pipes are callin'" the Scots - and non-Scots - Clan MacPherson Bagpipe Band will continue to play the tunes as it has done for the past 52 years.

<<->>

Nothing is impossible? Did you ever try to carry a pair of skis through a revolving door?

A chafing dish is a girl who rubs you the wrong way. The human tongue is a wondrous organ that starts working when you're born and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.



# KENTUCKY

## FIDDLE FADDLE

by MARTHA STILES

In July hundreds of men who, in Stephen Vincent Benet's phrase, could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato vine, will bring their instruments to the green hollow called Renfro Valley for three days of unremitting jam sessions and do fiddle, banjo, string band, guitar and buck dance contests. It is only 50 miles from Lexington to Renfro Valley, but that, in Kentucky is the distance from mint julep and thoroughbred country to moonshine and coon hound ground.

The "Annual" Old Time Fiddlers Convention in Renfro Valley is an infant tradition, dating back only to 1971. But it was clear enough by last year that if the convention was new the sociology of proper group fiddling was not: everyone, fiddlers and listeners, fit comfortably together, though the license plates on their cars said Georgia and California, Ohio, Tennessee and Michigan - any state where mountain people have gone looking for the ready-made easier life and found that homesickness comes free. The cars lined up, and wherever two or three fiddlers gathered, together, music began.

Newcomers went from group to group, greeting ac-



quaintances, listening, waiting, always unobtrusively, their instruments held as nearly concealed as is casually possible. No one ever asks to be allowed to join in; it isn't necessary. Any musician is invited to play as soon as he is noticed.

And no one ever admits to being better with an instrument than anyone else, no matter how gross the discrepancy in abilities. Disclaimers are the rule: "I never learned to fiddle till I was 30 years old"; "You all will have to slow down some for me." All beginners are encouraged, no one is mocked, praise is the rule: "Y'll play in the key of G and he'll bring the dog outta the wood!" If a recognized fiddler is discovered on the fringe without an instrument, he is lent one: the man who has been playing it insists that he doesn't play well enough by comparison to justify keeping it in the newcomer's presence. Since everyone is burning to play, conceal it how they will, manners require the borrower to fiddle only a few tunes and then invent an errand elsewhere.



And elsewhere there is usually another jam session, where again one will be lent an instrument as soon as he's noticed. That's not always at once, because playing is serious; its joy takes possession of men and they become oblivious to bystanders. Two equally matched fiddlers playing an insistent rhythm and each finding they can play faster and faster without losing the other will lean closer and closer together until the two-inch ashes on their cigarettes threaten to meet, and repeat the tune, always faster, with stimulating flourishes now from one, now from the other, to mutual exhaustion. When that happens, lucky are those close-by with tape recorders.

And there are always several. Some may find the old time flavor marred by the ubiquitous recorders, but



the players themselves are among their most avid users. "Play 'Bess Finley' again," one old farmer-musician begged one of the best fiddlers, an Alabama bricklayer, who was making quitting noises. "You know" - broad grin at his own expense - "I ain't got a thing to do when I git home but set on the porch and listen to that music". Then out of his overalls pocket came the sophisticated microphone. Radio is all very well, but genuine country music is hard to come by nowadays. ("If Johnny Cash is a musician, I is a aviator!")

A new man drifted over with a banjo more or less behind him and was invited to choose his key for the "Battle of Sony Point," a tune that commemorates the victory that earned Revolutionary War General Wayne the nickname "Mad Anthony." "Now couldn't that 'a been one of your ancestors?" "Coulda been my great-gran'daddy."

From the picnic tables under the trees back of the big Renfro Valley Barn came the enthusiastically nasal strains of 'Cindy, Cindy':

"Well, she told me that she loved me,  
She called me sugar plum,  
She put her arms around me,  
I thought my time had come!"

followed fast by "Shoutin' Louie." The group that performed those songs included a string bass concocted out of cord, broomstick and washtub. The young man playing it said, "Every time I tighten or loosen the string I have to look for the notes again, but after 15 minutes I have it." The instrument sounded fine but had the drawback of producing large blisters. "When it gets too bad I tape them," said the young man, not about to stop playing.

Over at the barn people were lining up to buy tickets for some professional guest appearances; beyond them, at the picnic tables and among the parker cars, amateurs played just as well for nothing. "The man with the banjo is Boss Sewell," someone whispered, awestruck

"He plays with the Seventy-Fivers"  
 Boss Sewell struck up "Cotton Eye  
 Joe." Swallows swam overhead as  
 the sun sank and all the fiddlers  
 went right on fiddling, reluc-  
 tantly adjourning only after ev-  
 erybody had grown "colder 'n a well  
 digger in Utah."



The formal proceedings began the second morning. The rules said that contestants "will not be judged on showmanship, crowd appeal, fancy or trick fiddling"; scores will be based 25 per cent on "authenticity"-this means an old tune played in an old-time style. Do not select more recent tunes such as 'Orange Blossom Special' and do not play tunes that lend themselves to novelty fiddling, such as 'Listen to the Mocking Bird'. Trick and fancy fiddling will cost you points."

Eliminations, held on the barn stage, started with the Senior fiddlers; Juniors, anybody under 60, came after lunch. The performances were highly skilled but restrained. (Cutting loose was reserved for the third and final morning, when the audience itself would judge the No Holds Barred Fiddle Contest - any tune, any style, and the winner he who got the most applause). Each fiddler played one waltz - "Over the Waves" was a favorite plus one personal choice like "Hop Light, Ladies" or "Mississippi Sawyer."

Many in the audience had heard fiddling all their lives and had tried it themselves, once anyway. They knew what was good and how difficult it was. Now and then an exceptionally expert passage moved them to applaud mid-piece. When a former champion, a Mississippi sheriff, launched into "Devil's Dream," a tall, lean, glitter-eyed mountain type in the audience leaned forward. Then he nudged the man beside him. Then he began to grin. He grinned so hard he literally squeezed out tears, which he wiped away with a large folded white handkerchief, raking care to put it away in time to express his approval at number's end, which he did by

whistling through his fingers. He also whooped and stamped. And the No Holds Barred was still a day away.

The stage performances were electronically amplified, which was unnecessary, probably distorted tone, and certainly made occasional high notes painful. The emcee's patter was as corny as a cheap auctioneer's and whenever its cool reception made him uneasy he would find an excuse to suggest a hand for the Good Lord. Few in Renfro Valley care to be seen declining to applaud the Good Lord.



There was also an anvil shoot at the convention: An anvil was upturned and the hole in the bottom filled with gunpowder, a second anvil was placed on top and the charge set off with a dynamite fuse. The resultant thunder was heard for miles and the top anvil hurtled high into the air. Once anvils were shot to simulate cannon fire in settlements menaced by Indians, then, for another century, to celebrate occasions like Christmas or Election Day. Today there are probably not three men in the country who know how to shoot an anvil, "the poor man's cannon."

When the contest winners were chosen there were loud cheers and a little bit of grumbling. A child recognizing a fiddler from the playoffs, approached him gravely. "I like your music," he said. Between his lisp and citified accent he had to repeat this once or twice before the fiddler understood him, but when the fiddler did understand, he hust as gravely produced a dollar bill. This the child seemed in no way surprised to receive. His future appears settled: he will be a music critic. May all his assignments be as much fun as the



## Renfro Valley Old Time Fiddlers Convention.

If you go to the Valley for the annual event, you will also be attending a local bluegrass festival. The two media have never mixed well together before this and they may not make it this time either. But the committee found itself in a bind: The June date originally reserved for the Fiddlers convention was found to conflict with another fiddlers' get-together, so it was decided to combine the Old Time and bluegrass events this year and hold them on July 12, 14 and 15. There are almost 100 major down home music festivals and contests in the United States annually, so the conflict is not surprising.

The only difference in this year's contest will be that bluegrass performers, quintets playing modern country music on unamplified string instruments with special emphasis on the solo banjo, will alternate with fiddlers and all events will be held outdoors because of the huge number of people expected to attend. A thousand dollars in cash prizes will be awarded to the contestants. The hours are 10 a.m. to midnight the first two days, 10 a.m. to early evening the last. Admission fees range from \$4 to \$6 for each day; slightly less if ordered in advance. Children under 12 admitted free.





# SPRING DANCE FLOORS

by VIRGIL PIASS

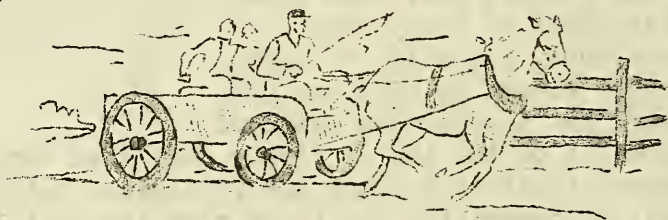
Spring dance floors, the pride and joy of every innkeeper whose inn boasted one, were usually constructed of pine, spruce or Cucumber wood, a species of magnolia supple enough to bend but not splinter. The boards were attached to the walls of the inn at either end. When dancing couples moved together through the rhythmical patterns of the reel or quadrille, the floor rose and fell like ocean waves. Old-timers speak nostalgically of dancing on them, saying that it took a bit of practice to feel at home on a spring floor.



One of the best known spring dance floors many years ago was in the Grecian Hall, built over the carriage sheds at the rear of the Eagle Coffee House in Concord, New Hampshire. "If the feeling of good fellowship among the coach drivers were not enough to make the evening a success," says an old description of the coaching ball at the Eagle House, "the spring dance floor in Grecian Hall added immeasurably to the gaiety. In time with the music of the jigs or polkas, the floor rose and fell under the weight of the vigorously dancing couples, and the night gradually turned into day." For many years, the coaching ball was undoubtedly the gayest social event that took place in Concord. But

with the coming of the railroad, carriage travel declined and the carriage sheds back of the Eagle were torn down. The Grecian Hall with its spring dance floor became simply another happy memory of the past.

Norfolk House, built about 1805 on Court Street in Dedham, Massachusetts, was a large colonial-style structure on the Hartford turnpike. This stagecoach tavern also contained a spring floor in a large ell at the rear of the third floor. Musicians who supplied the music for dancing usually sat on a balcony suspended over the dance floor. In 1911 the inn was purchased by the Walter Austins, who converted it into a handsome residence. During the remodeling, however, the spring dance floor was resurfaced and the spring removed. All that remains as a reminder of bygone days is the beautiful stairway by which the dancers reached the third floor.



But not all spring dance floors were gone by the turn of the century. Marian Lawrence Peabody, daughter of an Episcopal bishop of Boston, remembers attending Friday evening dancing classes in 1891. They were held in Papanti's Hall on Tremont Street, just east of Park Street Church. The hall, reached by two flights of stairs from the street, contained a spring dance floor, which greatly added to the youngsters' enjoyment of the classes. With verve typical of teenagers, the young people invented their own dance, the "Boston." "This was really a waltz, but with a lot of bounce in it, and we went swooping and swinging around the hall in a delirium of delight," Marian recalls in her reminiscences. "The Be Young Was Very Heaven." Papanti's Hall has been razed for more modern buildings.

There are innumerable spring dance floors in exis-

N.H. FALL CAMP  
at THE INN at EAST HILL FARM, TROY, N.H.

Sept. 4th - Sept. 9th, 1973

WITH

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COST - \$81.00 per person for full session. Includes room, three meals a day, snacks, instruction, parties, full use of all sport facilities, N.H. room & meal tax. And, hopefully, Arts & Crafts.

PART TIMERS - \$20.00 per day per person, only if there are accomodations available after full-time campers have been placed.

REGISTRATION of \$15.00 per person must be made to hold space for you. Refunded if for good reason you have to cancel by August 26. Send to

ADA PAGE, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H.  
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FOLK DANCE HOUSE is now holding classes three nights a week throughout the summer at the

"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church  
630 Second Avenue  
Between 34th and 35th Street  
N.Y.C.

Do NOT use the Cathedral entrance. There is a separate door in the stone wall, in the middle of the Avenue. THAT IS THE DOOR TO USE.

COME JOIN US FOR THE SAME KIND OF QUALITY FOLK DANCING FOR WHICH FOLK DANCE HOUSE IS FAMOUS. Mary Ann and Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

Tuesdays 6-8 p.m. Early class for Intermediate folk dancing with thorough instruction for those with some experience.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Fast intermediate session, rapid teaching and review.

Wednesdays - 6-8 p.m. for real beginners. A fun way to get started in folk dancing. Basic dances taught painlessly - you'll be dancing in no time at all.

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\*\*\*\*\*

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WANTED

Copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones, gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs, Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project. ALSO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page  
117 Washington St.  
Keene, N.H. 03431

\*\*\*\*\*

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service now carries full lines of "DANCE ISRAEL" LP: also Bert Everett's book - TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for their listings;

185 Spadina Ave. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\*



tence today, though many, unfortunately, have been "shored up" to eliminate the bounce or spring. The one in The Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts, for instance, was restored after the fire, but it never did have much spring. However, the Exchange Hall in South Acton, Massachusetts, still has its spring floor as does the Ben Smith Tavern, until recently an antiques shop in Hadley, Massachusetts. Also, at Hamilton Hall in Salem, Massachusetts, an historic house open daily at 9 Chestnut Street, there is such a floor.



A man familiar with many of the existing New England ballrooms is Philip W. Baker of Antrim Center, New Hampshire, a noted expert on historic buildings restoration. Mr. Baker has had the opportunity to personally study spring dance floor construction details during some of his company's restoration projects (including The Wayside Inn, for instance), and he maintains that some spring dance floors were made "springy" deliberately and some were that way by accident. "The construction of those deliberately built to "swing" was not basically different from the general construction throughout the building," he says. The actual springing quality, he points out, was created by the lack of partitioning or supports beneath the ballroom floor and/or the use of particularly springy timbers for floor joists.

"We did a lot of restoration work in the Jones Tavern in Weston, Massachusetts," Baker recalls, "and that was perhaps the best spring floor I've ever encountered. However, because it didn't conform to the current legal specifications for a public building - i.e. floors have to support 100 pounds per square foot - we had to insert a heavy wooden supporting timber down through the spring dance floor. That eliminated the spring, of course."

The floor joists of the Jones Tavern were made of 3" x 10" spruce - "a real whippy wood," says Baker. Before inserting the new supporting timber, Baker and his fellow workers were amazed at how easily they could make the floor "pick up a lively rhythm."



Baker goes on to point out that some spring dance floors would spring in certain areas of the room and not in others. Some floors, such as that in the Franklin Pierce Homestead in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, were simply "poor springers" throughout.

Beginning back in the 1930s, the American Institute of Architects has investigated the construction of spring dance floors. With the help of their builders' plans, a spring dance floor could be reproduced accurately today if the legal standards imposed on public building construction could be either met or circumvented.

One building selected for study by the Institute was the Jesse Smith Tavern at Big Bend, Wisconsin. The architects worked with camera and tape measure for several days, but it was not until they reached the third floor of the old inn that they found it possessed what they termed a "terpsichorean freak," a spring dance floor. The surprise and merriment among the young architects caused by its discovery was almost equal to that of their dancing pioneer forefathers nearly 100 years before. Upon examination, they found the floor had been constructed so that it was separate from the ceiling below it, with the dance floor hung from the wall. The

floor joists had been computed so that they were a little below the absolutely rigid requirements, causing the floor to sway when the room was full of dancers in motion. Persons occupying bedrooms on the floor below may have been awakened by the sounds of merriment above them, but the ceiling joists were entirely separate from the floor joists so the swaying movement was not transmitted to the ceiling of their bedroom - which certainly might have been disturbing to anyone trying to sleep!

The plans sketched by the architects may be obtained today from the Library of Congress, although the spring dance floor itself has been removed. The building which was once an inn has become a private home-  
stead known as Landmark Lane Farm.

Another famous floor with a built-in spring was the Savoy Ballroom in New York City. The dance floor was made of three layers - spring, cork, and wood and it bounced so beautifully that the Savoy was named home of the Lindy Hop. The hotel was torn down in 1958.

The first spring dance floor? No one knows, although, like so many inventions, ideas, even art forms, it most likely evolved by accident. On the other hand, perhaps the spring was deliberately built into it by someone who had recently crossed and recrossed a stream on a supple, bounding plank! The Eurasian writer Han Suyin tells of visiting the Grand Hotel de Peking in China, whose ballroom had a springy, elastic floor. Accordingly, we may be indebted to the Chinese for gunpowder and the spring dance floor!

At ant rate, it seems a shame that current legal architectural standards for public buildings preclude a dance floor capable of "picking up a lively rhythm."





# SQUARE DANCE

## STEPNEY CHAIN

As called by Al Brundage

Any intro. Breaks & Ending you wish.

Suggested music: Your favorite hoedown.

Head two couples go forward and back  
 Forward again and right and left through  
 And chain those ladies back, you do (don't chain back)  
 Now turn and chain with couple on your right (don't retn)  
 Side two couples go forward and back  
 Forward again and right and left through  
 And chain those ladies back, you do (don't return)  
 Now turn and chain with the couple on your right (as above)  
 All join hands and circle eight  
 Spread out wide and don't be late  
 Allemande left and look out Joe  
 With your partner do si do.  
 Now pass her by, go on to the right  
 Tutn right hand lady by the right hand round  
 Back to your partner with the left hand round  
 Go all the way round  
 To your corner lady with the right hand round  
 Then promenade that corner round.

Repeat three more times until all have original partners

#####

The biggest problem with political promises is that they go in one year and out the other.  
 To insure the education of your teenager, parents need to pull a few wires: television, telephone and ignition.  
 One of life's most fleeting moments is the time between reading the sign on the freeway and reading that you just missed the exit ramp.

# CONTRA DANCE

## MAC'S FAVORITE

A double progression contra

Suggested music: Your favorite reel or hornpipe

Couples 1, 3, 5, etc active and crossed over before the dance starts.

Everybody cross the set and turn alone

Half right and left to place (R & L thru)

This is first progression

Forward all and back

Forward again with a right hand star with opposite  
(once around)

Allemande left (with person in adjoining star)

If you are an active, that person was below you just before you started the star; if you are an inactive, that person was above you just before you started the star. The allemande left is not a complete turn but is the beginning of a - -

Ladies chain, over and back

This is the second progression

Circle four with the opposite couple (while doing this  
- cross over at the head and foot of the set)

Circle right to place.

New head couple be ready to start the dance.

This is a dilly for the wide awake! Most important point is to have the star go exactly once around - no more. The allemande left will come just before the star is completed. Hang on to the girl you do the allemande left with - she's your new partner - and send her into the ladies chain. It's a heads up figure!!! And you better believe it.

#####

# FOLK DANCE

## TANGO POQUITO

Composed by Ned & Marian Gault and presented at the 1966 Stockton Folk Dance Camp.

Music: Oriole CB 1842 "New Fangled Tango" (Slow down!)

Formation: Cpls in a circle in closed pos. facing LOD

Steps: Smooth gliding step, Tango close: Step fwd L, step R swd R: slowly draw L to R keeping wt on R (QQS)

Directions for M. W dance counterpart unless other wise specified.

Meas.

- 1 2 gliding steps fwd LOD IR (S S)
- 2 Tango close into single circle, M facing LOD (QQS)
- 3 2 gliding steps twd ctr IR (S S)
- 4 L across R; R bkwd; repeat ((QQQQ))
- 5 2 gliding steps twd ctr IR (S S)
- 6 Face ptr, rock swd L & R; L across R (QQS)
- 7 2 Steps RL as W cross over to Mr side  
R across L & thru twd LOD. Release hands (QQS)
- 8 M: Stamp L heel once in place  
W: 4 steps RIRL, turn once CW and progress (QQQQ)  
fwd LOD to next M

Repeat dance from beginning with new ptr

We gave this dance in NORTHERN JUNKET Vol. 11, No. 3. Since then we've heard from Mr & Mrs Gault to the effect that it was an incorrect version. They were kind enough to send their original version and it is presented here word for word. They were quite insistent that when the woman progresses forward to the next man that "THERE IS NO TURN UNDER". Try the version given here. You'll love it!



# FOLK SONG

## THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES



There were three Gypsies a-come to my door  
 And downstairs ran this lady-o  
 One sang high and the other sang low,  
 And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscayo!

Then she pulled oif her silk-finished gown,  
 And put on hose of leather-o  
 The ragged, ragged rags about our door,  
 And she's gone with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

It was late last night when my Lord came home,  
 Inquiring for his lady, O!  
 The servants said on ev'ry hand:  
 She's gone with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,  
 And go fetch me my pony, O!  
 That I may ride and seek my bride,  
 Who is gone with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

O he rode high, and he rode low,  
 He rode through wood and copses too,  
 Until he came to a wide open field,  
 And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?  
 What makes you leave your money O!  
 What makes you leave your new wedded Lord?  
 I'm off with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

What care I for my house and land?  
 What care I for my money, O!  
 What care I for my new-wedded Lord?  
 I'm off with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
 With the sheet turned down so bravely-O!  
 Tonight you'll sleep in a cold, open field,  
 Along with the wraggle-tahhle Gypsies O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
 With the sheet turned down so bravely-O!  
 For tonight I shall sleep in a cold, open field,  
 Along with the wraggle-taggle Gypsies O!

#####

When I was young my slippers were red.  
 I could kick my heels up over my head.  
 When I grew older my slippers were blue,  
 But still I could dance the whole night through.  
 Now I am old my slippers are black,  
 I walk to the corner and puff my way back.  
 The reason I know my youth has been spent,  
 My get up and go has got up and went.  
 But I really don't mind when I think with a grin  
 Of the places my get up has been.  
 I get up in the morning, dust off my wits,  
 Pick up my paper and read the obits.  
 If my name it is missing, I know I'M not dead,  
 So I eat a big breakfast and go back to bed.

Author unknown

With thanks to "Duke" Miller!

#####

1973 FIDDLERS' CONVENTIONS  
& RELATED EVENTS IN THE U.S.  
AND CANADA

Compiled by Joseph C. Hickerson, Reference Librarian,  
Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress. Wash. D.C.

MAINE

2nd annual bluegrass music festival, Phippsburg, Aug 4-5  
2nd Pehobscot Folk Festival, Rockport, June 22-23  
Fiddlers Contest, Windham Center, Early November.

MASS.

Traditional American Music, Lexington, June 16  
3rd annual Boston Come-All-Ye, Amesbury, Oct. 6-9.

N.H.

Old Time Fiddling Contest, Claremont, Aug. 19.

CONN.

Fife & Drum Corps Muster, Deep River, Aug. 15.

VT.

Northeast Regional Oldtime Fiddlers Contest, Barre,  
Oct. 5-6

Old Time Fiddlers Contest, Brattleboro, Sept. 23

CANADA

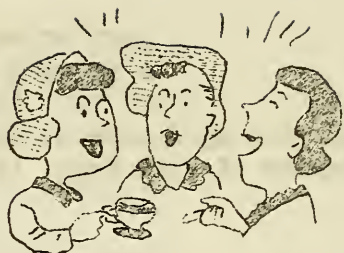
Fiddle & Accordion Contest, Ascot Corner, Que. Sept 17  
Miramichi Folk Song Festival, New Castle, N.B. Aug. 6-8  
Canadian Open Old Time Fiddlers Contest, Shelburne, Ont.  
Aug. 10-11

S.W. Canadian Open Championship Oldtime Fiddle Contest,  
Petrolia, Ontario, June 22-23.

#####



# RECORD REVIEWS



The Canterbury Country Orchestra Meets the F & W. F & W Records. Box 12, Plymouth, Vt. 05956. \$5.00

If you like the idea of 39 musicians all playing melody then you'll probably go for this LP. Otherwise, skip it. 39 people playing melody? What were you trying to prove? The combined ensemble drone away at seven tunes every one of which has been recorded better by many other orchestras. The best of them I thought were "Fisher's Hornpipe" and "British Grenadiers." The tempo of their "Opera Reel" is ludicrous; can you imagine "reeling" anybody at 116 mm? Again, what were you trying to prove? The Canterbury Orchestra part of the recording play a fine "Saddle the Pony" and a good "Larry O'Gaff." This is your metier fellows, stick with it! I liked, too the "Gentle Maiden" one of the loveliest of old Irish airs, and they play an excellent tune for the English country dance "The Bishop."

The United States Army Band, RCA Victor LSP-2685. \$5.98  
The United States Airforce Band, RCA Victor LSP 2686 also at \$5.98.

Leaders who have liked our military lancers will surely want to purchase either or both of these fine recordings. The Army Band play three marches suitable and long enough for these lancer figures:: "The U.S. Army Band March," "Sabre and Spurs" and "The Rifle Regiment". The Airforce Band play "Fairest of the Fair," "Liberty Bell," "Boys of the Old Brigade" and "Bullets and Bayonets." Even if you never want to dance the lancers the records are terrific listening music!

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## OLD TIME

# DANCING MASTERS

From the files of the Keene, N.H. Weekly Sentinel 9/23/  
11

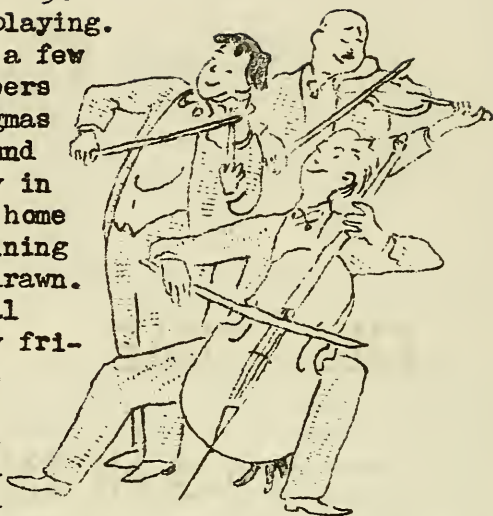
There must be a number of people living in Keene who remember local events as far back as 1840, among which were singing schools, dancing schools, concert by popular singers and musicians and many other social happenings that made life enjoyable to young and old.

### DANCING SCHOOLS

Dancing was not so universally common seventy years ago as it is at this day, many parents objecting to its practice by their children and refusing to countenance it in any way. However, the terpsichorean art was taught to some extent and became quite common among the young people.

In 1840, a Mr. Weaver, of Boston, came here and taught a private class in "dancing and deportment." He was an accomplished dancer and a fine flute player which made him quite a favorite with the townspeople. He frequently remained in town over Sunday and attended the First church, where he became acquainted with the choir and musicians and was finally invited to aid the

singers with his flute-playing. This was objected to by a few strait-laced church members because he was a dancingmaster, but when it was found that he played regularly in a Boston church when at home the objection to his joining the choir here was withdrawn. Mr. Weaver taught several terms here and made many friends among Keene people.



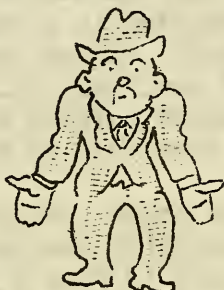
At the close of Mr. Weaver's schools a grand ball was held at Emerald House hall. Everybody was invited and there was a very general attendance from all classes of society. Some of the "upper crust" ladies made a little excitement in the hall by declining to dance with farmers and mechanics, and a gentleman of their class came near making a scene when he withdrew from the party, remarking that "turkeys and dunghill fowl can't mix." The offensive remark was taken up and repeated whenever thereafter a society event of any kind was under consideration. The exclusive element soon after had a ball at the same place, excluding all who did not receive a special invitation. It was derisively called a "turkey ball," and those who attended were known as "turkeys" and were classed as the "aristocracy of Keene." This element of society flourished for a time, and even at this day is not wholly extinct!

Dancing parties in those days began early and held late, sometimes until daybreak. Invitations cards usually announced the time of day for the dancing to begin. Thus, a "Country Boys Dance" at Keyes hall on the evening of Feb. 18, 1845, was called for 6:30 o'clock. Another the same evening at Eagle Hotel hall was to begin at 6 o'clock. A military ball at Emerald House hall on Jan. 14, 1847, began at 4 o'clock, according to the invitation card. Other invitation cards in possession of



the writer show that 8 o'clock was the average hour of meeting for a dance.

The cost of attending a ball or dancing party was determined by the number present. No tickets were sold as at this day, and no one knew how much he was to be assessed until the count was made. One party held at the Emerald House in the winter of 1847 cost each man present \$4.80. This was an unusual assessment and caused a panic among the young fellows, who shortly went home "dead broke."



The finest dancing school ever held in Keene, before or since, was taught by T.P. Ames of Peterboro in the winter of 1847 and '48. The course consisted of twenty-four lessons - one each week during the winter. Mr. Ames was a popular teacher, although a strict disciplinarian, requiring respectful obedience to the rules and tolerating the presence of no one who visited the bar room of the hotel during school hours. After the first six lessons Mr. Ames brought with him a fine orchestra of six pieces which furnished music for dancing until 10 o'clock free of charge - after which time a charge of one dollar per hour for each musician was made, which was easily raised among the 120 pupils attending the school, and dancing would continue until a late hour of the night. It was a pleasant and happy party that assembled at Emerald House hall every Friday night for six months, and the name of nearly every one of the dancing class could be given here if space allowed. Most of them have "gone over the divide," but quite a few still remain.

Previous to the Ames school, about 1845, "Dancing-master Stevens" of Surry taught a small class in dancing at Eagle Hall. He was almost a giant in height and in his appearance and dress resembled an old fashioned New Hampshire farmer, but when he drew off his cowhide boots and replaced them with a shiney pair of dancing pumps and donned a dress coat and white necktie he was a fine looking gentleman and as agile as any of his pupils. He taught contra dances mainly, but finally introduced quadrilles and the polka. He played first violin and did the prompting in a stentorian voice which could be plainly heard across the street. His "First four right and left now," and "All in a round circle now," and other changes, always ending with "now", are still remembered by survivors of that school.

Since those days above referred to, dancing, like singing, has very generally been taught in private classes, and it is now hard to find a young person who does not know how to dance, although they may never have attended a public dancing school.

#####

Advertisement in Keene Evening Sentinel, 9/23/11

OLD FOLKS DANCE  
in WILDEY HALL  
Roxburt, St.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 23

The public is cordially invited  
Objectional parties need not apply.

Music by MAYNARD

Tickets 25¢

#####

## BOOK

## REVIEWS



LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA AND OF SAILORS. Bassett, Fletcher S. 1885. vii # 505 pp. New Introduction to the Reprint by Horace Beck; Preface; Analytical Table of Contents; Footnotes; Illus.; Index. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1971. L.C. Card No. 70-119444. \$16.50.

This is said to be the largest and finest work devoted to folklore of the sea. The more I read of it the more fascinated I became with the subject; As with all books written in that era (1885) it jumps around indiscriminately, and on the same page you may read of events on the Isle of Man, the coasts of Libya, and on a Norwegian bark. My favorite chapter most certainly was the one entitled "Spectres of the Deep," though "The Storm-Raisers" was a very close second. Recommended.

THE STORIES OF THE MONTHS AND DAYS: Couzens, Reginald C. With illustrations from famous paintings and statuary. 1923. 160 pp. 8 Full-page illustrations; Notes. Republished by Gale Research Co. Detroit, 1971. L.C. Card No. 70-124662. \$7.50.

Everyone knows the names of the 12 months of the year and of the 7 days of the week, but few people understand their early origins and significance. At one time these names had great meaning and this book tells you why. If you have inquisitive grandchildren, this book will help you answer a lot of their questions.





IN THE DAYS OF THE PILGRIMS FATHERS. Crawford, Mary Caro line. 1921. xvi # 331 pp. Foreword; 36 Illustrations; List of Illustrations; Footnotes; Appendix; Index. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1970. L.C. Card No. 74-129572. \$12.50.

Too many Americans believe that the Pilgrims and the Puritans were the same. They weren't, and this book tells you why. The Pilgrims were not Puritans but Separatists. The Puritan, in England at any rate, was a Nationalist. The Pilgrim wanted liberty for himself, for his brothers and for those of his house. For that he went into exile; for that he crossed the ocean; for that he made his home in the wilderness.

The book seems quite factual but is, nevertheless rather difficult reading. For those interested in early American history it is a worthwhile addition to your library.

EPITAPHS. Graveyard Humour & Eulogy. Beable, William H. 1925. x # 246 pp. Preface; Introduction; Annotations. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1971. L.C. Card No. 79-154494. \$10.00.

This is a general collection of British epitaphs and is divided into three sections: Ancient Epitaphs; Curious Epitaphs; Miscellaneous Epitaphs. It is not a book one reads in one sitting; that truly would be too much. But most certainly it is a worthy addition to the book shelves of the general folklorist or historian. To me, the most interesting epitaphs are found in the chapter on Curious Epitaphs. For instance:

"Here lie I at the Chapel door,  
Here lie because I'm poor,  
The farther in the more you'll pay,  
Here lie I as warm as they."

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion  
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;  
His son keeps on the business still,

Resigned unto the heavenly will."

"Erected to the memory of

John MacFarlane

Drowned in the Water of Leith

By a few affectionate friends."

THE FOLKLORE OF THE JEWS, Rappoport, Dr. Angelo S. 1937 xii # 276 pp. Preface; Documentation; Classified Bibliography; Index. Republished by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1972. L.C. Card No. 71-167125. \$14.00.

This is an excellent book by a noted folklorist. Two chapters appealed to me: A Collection of Folktales, and Wonder-Tales, Legends and Moral Tales. The folklore of the Jews is distinguished from that of other nations, by its monotheistic and ethical background. There is hardly a belief, a custom or a superstition, a legend, a folktale or a folksong, even if imported from abroad, that does not reflect the Jewish conviction of the existence of one God or does not teach a moral lesson.

A reading of this book acquaints us of the ancient customs, beliefs and superstitions of the Jews. It is one of the best books of folktales that I have ever read. Highly recommended.

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Folk Dance Center of Philadelphia are sponsoring a series of Thursday night "Folk Dancing Under The Stars" on the John F. Kennedy Plaza, 15th St. & J.F.K. Blvd. June July & August, 1973. 8:00 - 10:30.

Twentieth Year of Scottish Dancing. July 15 - 23, 1973. Pinewoods Camp, Plympton, Mass. Sponsored by the Boston Branch of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. Further information by writing Jeanetta McColl, 187 Pleasant St. Melrose, Mass. 02176.

Write E. O'Eyrne DeWitt's Sons, 1576 Tremont St. Roxbury, Mass. 02120, requesting their latest list of Popular Irish LP's & Tapes.



The Roberson Folk Dancers announce their annual dance weekend at Scott's Oquaga Lake House, Deposit, N.Y. Oct. 5-7, 1973. Leaders will be: Michael & Mary Ann Herman; International Dances. Joe Wallin, Scottish Dances. For more information write: Roberson Folk Dancers, 30 Front St. Binghamton, N.Y. 13905.

2nd Annual Folk Dance Camp at Camp Leonard-Leonore, Kent, Conn. Aug. 23 - Sept. 3, 1973, with the following leaders: Sunni Bloland; Moshe Eskayo; Sandy Faxon; Juan Lozano; George Tomov; John Wagner; Sue & Bob Wetter, and Glenn Bannerman. More information from Israeli Folk dance Center, 2121 Broadway, rm 208, New York, N.Y., 10023.

Country Dance & Song Society of America announce their 45th year at Pinewoods Camp, Buzzards Bay, Mass. Two dance weeks: Aug. 5 - 12; 12 - 19, 1973. Write them at 55 Christopher St. New York, N.Y. 10014 for further information. Inquire also about their Folk Music Week at Pinewoods, Aug. 19 - 26. As well as the Chamber Music Week, July 29 - Aug. 5.

Start thinking about attending Ralph Page's Square Dance Weekend at East Hill Farm, Troy, N.H. the weekend of Nov. 9 - 11, 1973. Leaders: George Hodgson; George Fogg; Roger Whynot & Ralph Page.

If you are interested in authentic Early American Music you might like the listings from Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Box C. Williamsburg, Va. 23185.



Newsletter editors will be interested to learn that the American Square Dance Magazine, P.O. Box 788, Sandusky, Ohio, 44870, has recently published a book "Square Dance Book of Clip Art." Filled with cartoons, sketches & dancing figures this might well be an answer to your prayers. \$3 per copy, and worth it.

A lot of folk dance activity is continuing through the summer in the Chicago area. Why not write: Publicity Committee, 5460 S. Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60615 to find out about it and get on their mailing list?

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DIED: March 26, Don Messer.  
June 5, Helen Moody.

THANKS TO: Moritz Farbstein, 2 cookbooks.

Ed Koenig, N.E. Sq. Dance Convention Program  
Evan Twomey, Square & Round Dance Jamboree Program.

Cubby Whitehead, copy of Florida Folk Dance Council "Newsletter" for May, 1973.

Freda Gratzon, Scottish Ball Program.

Ned & Marian Gault, "101 Easy Folk Dances, directions for Tango Poquito, El Gaucho and Las Dulcitas.

Walter Meier, Chap. 4 of his book "The Philosophy of Life."

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Overheard in the bus: "You know I wouldn't say a word about her unless it was good. And oh, boy! is this good!"

Future generations won't be squandering their hard-earned money foolishly - we've already done that for them.

Wife to husband reluctantly helping his son with his homework: "Help him while you can. Next year he goes into the fourth grade."



# PAINLESS FOLKLORE

## TONGUE TWISTERS

Sheep shouldn't sleep in sheds.  
Six sick sheep sidled slowly by the sea.  
The crow flew over the river with a lump of raw liver.  
Vera bastes vests and waists.  
Industrious Dessie dexterously dusts dusky, dusty desks  
daily.

## REMEMBER WHEN?

A longhair was someone who enjoyed good music?  
A hang-up was what you got when you dialed a wrong number?  
Rock and Roll was what people did to a baby carriage?  
A clover leaf brought you good luck instead of confusion?  
Being cool was cured by putting on a sweater?

When you smoked "Bicycle" cigarettes, 20 for 5 cents?  
When the quiet and unobtrusive stranger who bought a gallon of linseed oil in the hardware store in the morning, was transformed at evening into a vociferous vendor of rattlesnake oil?  
When the girls pretended to be horrified by stories which were "a little off?"  
When your only preparation for winter sports was to take a barrel stave, a piece of board and a block of wood and make a "jumper?"  
Remember? Really, it wasn't so long ago!

## LINES FOR A FORTIETH BIRTHDAY

Though others may rage  
 At the onset of Age,  
 I'm snobbishly cheering the start of it.  
 In view of the way  
 Youth's acting today,  
 I don't care to be any part of it.

## NEW ENGLAND WEATHER LORE

If there be continued fog, expect frost.  
 A north wind with a new moon will hold until full.  
 As a rule, a fire is needed in every month with an R.

A round-topped cloud with flattened base,  
 Carries rainfall in its face.

Be it dry or be it wet  
 The weather'll always pay its debt.

As the days begin to shorten  
 The heat begins to scorch them.

As the days begin to lengthen  
 The cold begins to strengthen.

When the bubbles of coffee collect in the center of the cup, expect fair weather. If they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, expect rain. If they separate without assuming any fixed pattern, expect changeable weather.

Corns, wounds and sores that itch or ache more than usual indicate rain is shortly to fall.

Fall bugs begin to chirp six weeks before a frost in fall.

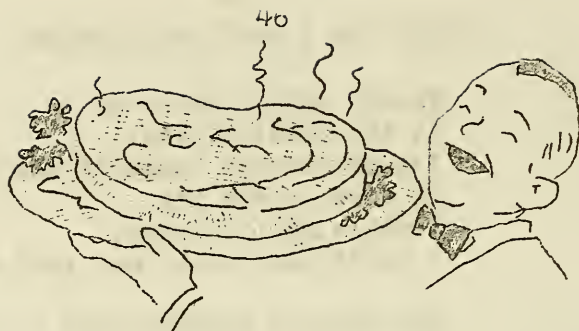
Heavy September rains usher in the drought.

When fine take your umbrella.

When raining, please yourself.

January 14th will either be the coldest or wettest day of the year.





## GOOD FOOD

The French-Canadians are known throughout the Northeast for their excellent cuisine, especially with seafoods. Here are a couple that we especially like.

### FLETANS (HALIBUT) A L'ORLY WITH TARTAR SAUCE.

2 pounds halibut steaks                      Salt and pepper

Cut halibut into serving squares, removing all the bone. Season with salt and pepper. Make a batter of the following ingredients:

1 cup flour sifted	1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
	1/8 tsp. pepper

Coat the fish well with batter and fry it in deep fat (350-375 F.) until the fish is a golden brown. Serve with

### TARTAR SAUCE

1/2 cup mayonnaise	1 tbsp. minced gherkin
1 tbsp. minced parsley	1 tbsp. minced stuffed olives
1 tsp. minced onion	Mix ingredients well together.

Add a little Pernod to eggs when preparing an omelet, for a unique flavor.

For an excellent treat in salads, substitute champagne vinegar in your favorite dressing.

## SCALLOPS A LA POULETTE (with white sauce)

2 cups scallops	1 cup white sauce
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. white pepper
1 tsp. lemon juice	2 egg yolks
1 tbsp. minced parsley	

Wash, scald, and drain the scallops. Stir into them 1 cup of white sauce which has been seasoned previously with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Cook slowly about 10 minutes until scallops are done. Just before taking mixture from fire, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and the chopped parsley.

## WHITE SAUCE

2 tbsp. flour	2 tbsp. butter
1 cup milk	salt & pepper.

In a skillet over a low fire, blend the flour and butter until smooth. Remove skillet from the fire. Slowly pour in the milk in small amounts, stirring until thoroughly blended. Place skillet back over low heat, cook and stir until the sauce thickens and is smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Additional milk makes the sauce thinner. Additional flour makes the sauce thicker.

## PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

2 cups red wine vinegar	1 tbsp. ground cloves
1 lb. brown sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups golden raisins
1 tsp. minced garlic	12 cups fresh or canned
1 tbsp ground ginger	pineapple chunks drained
2 cups, blanched, sliced almonds	

Combine all ingredients in saucepan; bring to boil, stirring. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until thick. Turn immediately into sterilized jars and seal, or store in refrigerator. Makes 6 pints.

## FIDDLEHEAD FERN FRONDS

2 lbs. uncurled fern fronds    1 tsp. salt  
 1 quart water                    3 ounces butter

Pick fronds when six to eight inches high. Chill in refrigerator for a few hours to remove the woody odor. Draw through hands to remove the wool-like covering. Break off stems as far down as tender. Wash. Bundle like asparagus. Steam until tender. Season with melted butter, salt and pepper. Delicious!

## IRISH BROWN BREAD

1 cup whole wheat flour  
 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour  
 2 tsps. sugar                     $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. cream of tartar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt                         $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter or margarine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. soda                         $\frac{3}{4}$  cup plus 1 tbsp milk

Combine all dry ingredients in a bowl. Cut in butter or margarine with a pastry blender or two knives to make a coarse crumb mixture. Stir in milk, mixing just enough to moisten dry ingredients. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth. (Fold dough over and press about 6 times). Place on greased baking sheet and flatten into 7-inch circle about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. With a floured knife, cut a cross about  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch deep on the top. Bake in 350 degree preheated oven for about 30 minutes or until brown and sounds hollow when tapped with knuckles. Remove to rack. Brush top with butter. Cool completely and serve with pure honey.

This recipe is right from Askvie House in Cork, Ireland. We're sure that you will agree that it's good; especially with pure honey.

Ripe honeydew melons have a sweet pleasant odor. You can also test for ripeness by pressing gently around the blossom end which should be slightly soft. When cutting rhubarb for small or large quantities, use a pair of kitchen shears. It's fast and there are no strings on the rhubarb. Saves your fingers, too!





